Ready to weepe to heare him aske his owne;
Sorrow betide such Grandames and such griefe,
That minister a poyson for pure loue.
But who so blind, as cannot see this beame,
That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
For feare his mother should be vs'd too well?
I there's the griefe, confusion catch the braine,
That hammers shiftes to stop a Princes raigne,
Q. Elian. Impatient, franticke, common slanderer,
Immodest dame, vnnurtur'd quarreller,
I tell thee I not enuy to thy sonne,
But iustice makes me speake as I haue done.
K. Phil But here's no proofe that shews your son a king.
K. I. What wants, my sword shall more at large set down
Lew But that may breake before the truth be known.
Bast. Then this may hold till all his right be showne.
Lym. Good words sir sauce, your betters are in place.
Bast. Not you sir doubty, with your Lyons case.
Blanch. Ah ioy betide his soule, to whom that spoyle (belong'd:
Ah *Richard*, how thy glory here is wrong'd.
Lym Me thinkes that *Richards* pride and *Richards* fall,
Should be a president t'affright you all.
Bast. What words are these? how doe my sinews shake?
My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle,
A thousand furies kindle with reuenge,
This heart that choller keepes a consistorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:
How doth *Alecto* whisper in mine eares?
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,
Disrobe him of the matchlesse monument
Thy fathers triumph ore the Sauages,
Base heardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing slaue.
What mak'st thou with the Trophie of a King?
Sham'st thou not coystrell, loathsome dunghill swad,
To grace thy carkasse with an ornament
Too pretious for a Monarkes couerture?

Scarce

Scarce can I temper due obedience
Vnto the presence of my Soueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:
But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,
For by his soule I sweare, my Fathers soule,
Twise will I not reuiew the mornings rise,
Till I haue torne that Trophee from thy backe,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long.
Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me *Richards* sonne.
Lym. Nay soft sir bastard, hearts are not spil
Let them reioyce that at the end doe win:
And take this lesson at thy foe-mans hand,
Pawne not thy life to get thy fathers skin.
Blan. Well may the world speak of his knigh
That wins this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.
Bast. Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke w
If shortly I present it not to thee.
K. Phil. Lordings forbeare, for time is comm
That deeds may trie what words cannot determ
And to the purpose for the cause you come.
Me seemes you set right in chance of warre,
Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,
But so and so, because it shall be so.
So wrong shall be suborn'd by trust of strength:
A tyrants practice to inuest himselfe,
Where weake resistance giueth wrong the way
To checke the which, in holy lawfull armes,
I, in the right of *Arthur*, *Geffreys* sonne,
Am come before this City of Angiers,
To barre all other false suppos'd claime,
From whence, or howsoere the error springs.
And in his quarrell on my Princely word,
Ile fight it out vnto the latest man.
Iohn. Know King of France, I will not bee c
By any power or Prince in Christendome,
To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,